

I John Bon and **Maſt perſon**



¶ Alas poore fooles, so soze ye be lade
No maruel it is, thoughe your shoulders ake
For ye beare a great God, which ye your selves made
Make of it what ye wyl, it is a wasar cake
And betwen two Irons prynced it is and bake
And lke where Idolatrye is, Chryste wyl not be there
Wherfore ley downe your burden, an Idole ye do beare

¶ Alasse poore
fooles,



¶ The parson

¶ At John Bon good morowe to the
John Bon.

Nowe good morowe mast parson so mut
Parson (I thee

What meanest þe John to be at worke so
John (Ione

The zoner I begyne the zoner shall I haue done
For I tende to warke no longer then none
Parson.

Mary John for that gods blessinge on thy herte
For luredy some therbe wyl go to ploughe an cartte
And let not by thys holy, corpus christi euen

John

They aer the more to blame I swere by saynt Steuen
But tell me mast parson one thinge and you can
What saynt is copli cursly a man or a woman?

Parson

Why John knoweste not that? I tel the it was a man,
It is Christe his owne selfe and to morowe is hys daye
We beare hym in profession and thereby knowe it ye

John

(maye

I knowe mast parson: and na by my faye
But me thinke it is a mad thinge that ye saye
That it shoulde be a man howe can it come to passe
Because ye maye hym beare with in so smal a glasse

Parson

Why neybor John and art thou nowe there?
Nowe I maye perceyue ye loue thys newe geare

John

Gods forhod master, I should be of that facion
I question wy your mashippe in waye of cumlication
I playne man ye may se wyl speake as cometh to mind
Ye muste holde vs alsused for þowe men be but blynd

I am an elde felowe of fifty wynter and more
And yet in all my lyfe I knewe not this before
Parson

No dyd, why sayest thou so, vpon thy selfe thou lyest
Thou haste euer known the sacramente to be the body
John (of Christ

Y esy: ye say true, all that I know in dede
And yet as I remember it is not in my crede
But as for croply cursty to be a man o: no
I knewe not tyll thys day by the waye my soule shal to
Parson

Why folishe felowe, I tel the it is so
For it was so determined by the church longe ago
It is both the sacramente and very Christ him selfe
John

No spleaser mast parson then make ye Christe an else
And the maddest made man that euer body sawe
Parson

What peace mad man thou speakest lyke a dawg
It is not possible hys manhode for to le
John

Why sir ye tell me it is euen verye he
And if it be not his manhode, his godhed it must be
Parson

I tell the none of both, what meanest thou, art þ made
John

No nother mad no: druncke, but to learne I am glade
But to displease your masshippe I woulde be very loth
Ye grsunt me here playnly that it is none of boeth
Then is it but a cake, but I pray ye be not wroth.

Parson
Wroth quod ha, by the masse þ makest me swere an othe
I hade leuer wyth a docter of diuinitie to reason
Then wyth a stubble cur that eateth beanes and peason

John

I crie ye mercede mast person patience for a season
In all thys cunlikacion is nother felony nor treason

Barlon

As by the masse but herest thou, it is playne heresye

John

I am glade it chaunced so, they was no witnes by
And if ther had I cared not, for ye spake as ylas I
I speake but as I harde you saye I wot not what ye
Ye sayd it was not God nor man I made (thought

Barlon (it worlde then nought

I ment not so, thou tokeste me wronge

John

I sit ye singe another songe
I dare not reason wyth you longe
I se well now ye haue a knacke
To saye a thyng and then go backe

Barlon

No John I was but a littyll ouer sene
But thou mentest not good sayeth I wene
In all thys talke that was vs betwene

John

I: no trowe it shannot so beene
That John Bon shall an heretike be calde
Then myght he saye him so fowle befalde.

Barlon.

But nowe if thou wylt marke me well
From begynninge to endynge I wyl the tell
Of the godly seruice that shalbe to morowe
That o: I haue done no doubte thou wylt sorowe
To here that suche thynges shoulde be fordone
And yet in many places they haue begun
To take a waye the olde and set by newe

Beleue me John thys tale is true

John

Go to mast parson saye on and well to thyrue

Ye be the Jolest geiman that euer sawe in my lyue

Parson

We shal firste haue matins, is it not a godly hereynge

John

I see Yes, me thinke tis a shamefull gay chearynge
For often times on my prayers, when I take no greate
Ye sing so arantly well, ye make me fal a slepe (hepe

Parson

Then haue we prolession and Chyrste aboute we beare

John

That is apoynted holy thinge for God him selfe is ther

Parson

Than comme we in and redy vs dresse

Full solempnely to goo to Masse

John

Is not here a mischeuous thyng?

The Masse is bengauce holye for all ther sayynge

Parson

Then saye we Confiteor and miseriatur

John

I see Lorde tis abhominable matter

Parson

And then we stande vp to the auter

John

Thys geere is as good as oure ladies sawter

Parson

And so gose fourth wyth the other dele

Tyll we haue rede the Distell and Golpell

John

That is good mast person I knowe ryght well

Parson

Is that good? why what sayste thou to the other
John

Mary horrible good I seye none other
Parson

So is all the messe I dare auow this
As good in euery poynte as Bistell or Gospel is
John

The fowle euyl it is, whoe woulde thynke so muche
In sayeth I euer thought that it had bene no suche
Parson

Then haue we the canon that is holpest
John

A spightfull gay thyng of all that euer I wyll
Person

Then haue we the memento euen before the sacringe
John

Ye are mozenly well learned I se by your recknyng
That ye wyll not forget suche an elyph the thyng
Parson

And after that we consecrate very God and man
And turne the breaude to fleshe wyth fyue wordes we ca
John

The deuell ye do I trowe. Ther is pestilence busines
Ye are much bofide to god, for suche a spittell holines
A galows gay gifte wyth fyue wordes alone
To make boeth God and man and yet wese none
Ye talke so vnreasonably well, it maketh my herte yerne
As elde a felow as yche am I se well I maye learne
Parson

Yea John and then wyth wordes holy and good
Euen by and by we tourne the wyne to bloude
John

Lo wyll ye se le who woulde haue thought it

That ye could so sone, from wine to bloud ha brought it
And yet except your mouth, be better tasted than myne
I can not fele it ether but that it shoulde be wyne
And yet I wote nere a cause ther maye be whye
Perchaunce ye ha dronke bloude after then euer dyd I

Parson

Truely John it is bloud though it be wine in taste
As soone as the worde is spoke the wyne is gone & past

John

A sessionson it for me my wyttes are me benumme
For I can not study where the wyne shoulde become

Parson.

Study quod ha, beware and let suche matter go
To meddle muche wyth thys may byynge ye sone to wo

John

Yea but mast parson thynk ye it were ryght
That if I desired you to make my blake ore whight
And you saye it is done, and styl is blacke in syght
Ye myght me deme a foole for to beleue so lyght

Parson

I maruell muche ye wyll reason so farre
I feare if ye vse it, it wyll ye mar

John

No no sir I truste of that I wylbe ware
I praye you wyth your matter agayne fourth to fare

Parson

And the we go forth and Christes body receyue
Cuyr the very same that mary dyd conceyue

John

The deuill it is, ye haue a greate grace
To eat God and man in so short a space

Parson

And so we make an ende as it lieth in an order,



But now the blisſed mens is hated in euery border
And railed on & reailed, w̄ wordes moſt blaſphemous
But I truſt it wylbe better w̄ the help of Catechiſmus
For thoughe it came forth but euen that other day
Yet hath it tourned many to ther olds waye
And where they hated meſſe and had it in diſdayne
There haue they meſſe and matins in latyne tonge a-
Ye euen in Londō ſelfe (John) I tel the troeth (gaine
They be ful glade & mery to here of thys God knoweth
John

By my trueth maſt parſon I lyke full wel your talke
But maſſe me no more meſſinges. The right way wil I
For thoughe I haue no learning yet I know (walke
And yche can perceiue your niggling (cheſe frō chalke
But leue your deuiliſh maſſe & (as crafty as ye walke
And the will Chriſt be w̄ you (ſ̄ cōmuniō to you take
Parſon (eue for his promiſſe ſake
Why art thou ſuch a one and kept it ſo cloſſe
Wel al is not golde that hath a fayre glosſe
But farewel John W̄ god bringe the in better mind
John

I thanke you ſir for that you ſeme verie kynde
But praye not ſo for me for I am well In oughe
Whiſill boy, d̄rue furth God ſpede vs and the plough
Ha browne done, forth that horſon crabbe
Ree comompyne, garlde, wyth haight blake la
Haue a gayne bald before, hayght ree who,
Cherly boy cum of that whomwarde we maye goo
I A T S.

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Serres, dwellinge in Sepulchres Pariſhe at the ſigne
of the reſurrection a littel aboue Holbourne conduite,

